This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 06932713 2

NBI
Mary Edith

148.34

The Palace of Shushan

— AND —

Other Poems.

Mari

Poetry, Religious - American

THE PALACE OF SHUSHAN

— AND —

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Christmas Eve in a Hospital."

Sister Mary Edith

7409

MILWAUKEE:
THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO.
1891.

1905
1908 L
1907

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
526447 A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1931 L

Copyright.
BY THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN CO.
1891.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

D 13422

14834
811
P24

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE Publishers have issued this small volume of Poems, because they are worthy of such a setting as has been given them. They are written by a devout Churchwoman, living in Community life.

In this country, poems which breathe of sacramental life, or are what Churchmen understand by the term "Churchly," seldom find a publisher. Hence, Church people are dependent on English sources for poetical readings, or must use what are called "Religious poems" other than from Church sources, when desiring poetical writings of a devout character. These latter do not suit the tastes of Church people.

This little volume is given to the public as a test of the demand for verses of a high order of spiritual composition. The Publishers, having done their part, await the verdict of their constituency.

RANSFER FROM C. A. FEB 1931

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Palace of Shushan	9
At Rest	13
"At Eventide it Shall be Light"	15
"Behold I Come Quickly"	17
Self-Consecration	19
Unfaithfulness	20
"The King of Love My Shepherd is"	23
"Lord, what Wouldst Thou Have Me to Do?"	25
"He shall See of the Travail of His Soul and Be Satisfied"	28
Jesu, Intercessor!	31
Ingemisco	33
O Life, What is Thy Mystery?	35
Hereafter	39
Christmas	42
The Birth of Jesus	44
Baby Jesus	47
Our Lord in Prayer	49
Good Friday and Easter	51
Good Friday Night	53
Ascension Day	55
Come Unto Me—And I will Give You Rest	57
At the Eucharist	59
Before Receiving the Blessed Sacrament	61
"We Also Have An Altar"	64
Hymn for Holy Communion	66

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
32 West 123d St.
NEW YORK.
7404
811.49
P153

The Palace of Shushan and other Poems.

The Palace of Shushan.

(Esther 1st.)

I WAS dreaming of Shushan, the Palace—
The Palace where JESUS is King,
The lily-crowned Palace celestial,
The Court of the heavenly King;
For there is the throne of His glory,
Where, under His banner of love,
Emmanuel spreadeth a banquet
For all who will meet Him above.
There bowers are fragrant with jasmine,
And gardens with roses aglow,
And there, 'neath the Breath of the Spirit,
Sweet odors of Paradise flow.

The shadows there carry no darkness,
  For all is translucent with light;
And silence is vocal with meaning—
  They call it "the hush of delight."
There myrtle is blending with citron,
  The almond and olive are there;
And pomegranate, scarlet and golden,
  And amaranth, deathlessly fair.
There bright, happy flowers unnumbered
  Stand, saint-like, transfigured in light,
But fairest of all are the lilies,
  Most dazzling, in raiment of white.—
O Palace triumphant, immortal!
  O Banqueting-hall of the Bride!
Thy blossoms are fragrant forever,
  Thy bowers in beauty abide.—
How soft is the fall of the fountains
  That flow through thy gardens of spice!
How fair are thy ivory towers,
  Engraven with mystic device!
Thy pavement is porphyry and amber,
  Thy pillars are jasper and gold,
Where hangings of carmine and azure
  Grow purple in shadow and fold.

Thine archways are pure alabaster,
  Now vivid with rainbows of light,
And now, in the cool-falling shadow,
  Most purely, translucently white.
And still, at each step of the Spirit,
  New vistas unclose to the sight,
Till the soul, in its rapture and wonder,
  Grows faint with excess of delight.
So my heart fell to longing and yearning
  For radiant angels to bring
My feet through its pearly-white portal,
  My soul to the seat of its King.—
But why should I long for the Palace,
  And yearn for its splendors alone?
There is glory transcending its glory,
  And rapture yet purer made known.
There is GOD, in His marvellous beauty,
  The Centre and Fountain of light,
The King of the Palace celestial,
  To crown me above with delight.
When I kneel, even here, at His altar,
  He makes me His temple, His shrine;
I know then the Prince of the Palace,
  Its Treasure of treasures is mine.

And if He shall suffer me ever
  To stand in His sight, purified,
I think I shall only see JESUS,
  Whatever the beauty beside.—
Across the wide ocean of glory
  My heart shall leap up to the throne,
To see but the King of all glory,
  See JESUS and JESUS alone.

At Rest.

UPON Thy Breast Thy children rest,
Thy saints by death set free,
Thy martyr train, whose fiery pain
Hath brought them nighest Thee.—
The flames they trod, swept up to GOD,—
Before the crystal sea,
Enrapt they stand, where angel band
Make sweetest melody.

Calm on Thy Breast Thy children rest
Who have not sinned or striven,
Safe, as of old, Thine Arms enfold
These little ones of Heaven,
Who bear no stain, who know no pain,
Whose life from earth was riven,
While pearly yet the cross lay wet,
On brows the Font had shriven.

Fair on Thy Breast pure lilies rest,
Whose beauty ne'er can die,
Their star of light, through earthly night,
Was JESUS' loving Eye ;—

Their lives were given the King of Heaven,
  And now, beyond the skies,
Their fragrance rare, the love they bear
  The LORD of Paradise.

Hushed on Thy Breast the weary rest,
  Whose hearts were raised to Thee,
When waves of sin and tempest din
  Strove hard for mastery;
To Calvary's Cross, 'mid pain and loss,
  Still clung they tremblingly,
And now at peace, where tempests cease,
  They rest eternally.

With all at rest upon Thy Breast,
  Our prayers rise ceaselessly;
Each Eucharist, Thy Church's tryst,
  With loved ones nearer Thee.
Through Thy dear pain, may we attain
  The Vision fair they see,
From strength to strength, to pass at length,
  To perfect purity.

"At Eventide it Shall Be Light."

"AT eventide it shall be light,"
For GOD's own Presence makes it bright,
And so I love to think at night,
Of that fair home, dear JESUS,
Where I in white would walk with Thee,
And hear the wondrous melody
Which sweeps across the crystal sea,
From those redeemed by JESUS.

Oh gates of pearl! Oh streets of gold!
Oh loving Shepherd's blesséd fold,
Whose balm for sorrows manifold
Is endless rest in JESUS!
Within those everlasting walls
The shadow of no evening falls,
The fadeless splendor of those halls
Is from the throne of JESUS.

Oh Land beyond the setting sun,
Oh Land of blessedness begun,
Of trial o'er, of triumph won,
For all who trust in JESUS.

So lead us on from height to height,
Until we reach the throne of light,
And fall before the Infinite,
The God revealed in Jesus.

"Behold I Come Quickly."

SHOULD He come to my heart as the
Christ Child,
The JESUS of Mary, to-night,
I could give Him my heart as a cradle,
Quite broken with love and delight.

Should He come as the Christ of the Passion,
With wound-prints in Hand and in Heart,
Perhaps I might venture to offer
The balm of my grief for their smart.

But if He should come as the Bridegroom,
The King, in His glory above,
What gift could I bring to the Bridal?
What pledge to the banquet of love?

Ah, then I should fall, in the darkness—
Quite low at His Feet I should fall,
And whisper, "O Love, I have nothing,
No, nothing, to give Thee at all."

I pray for a dowry celestial,
  O Love, from Thy glory Divine,
That so I may lay it before Thee,
  And all may forever be—Thine.

Self-Consecration.

THERE is no life soul-satisfying
But bears the print of JESUS' Dying;
Nor is there any joy so true and tender
As that of sharing in His Self-surrender.

I long to know more fully and more clearly,
I long to feel more deeply and sincerely
The strength-sustaining of His Life Divine,
Made perfect in the weakness that is mine.

And yearnings deep and tremulous pervade me
To break from every barrier that hath stayed me;
To free my hands from every earthly treasure,
And clasp the gift of God in fuller measure.

Oh give me love, so true it may not falter,
To lay a whole burnt-offering on Thine Altar;
And then, if it be pleasing in Thine Eyes,
Send down Thy fire and light the sacrifice.

Unfaithfulness.

THOU hadst bidden me, LORD, to place Thee
As a Signet upon my heart,
And I knelt at Thy Feet to answer,
"O Jesu Thy grace impart,
That I may be Thine forever,
As Thou, O LORD, art mine;
In body and soul and spirit,
Be wholly and utterly Thine."
But oh, I have been unfaithful
To the promise I made Thee then;
I have failed to fathom its meaning,
And grieved Thee again and again;
I have wounded Thy Holy Spirit,
And lightly esteemed a love
Which is all the praise of the angels,
And the joy of the blessèd above;
Yes, all that the angels are given,
And all that the blessèd know;
The joy that is theirs in heaven,
And might have been mine below.

I have given to self Thy sceptre,
  Yes, given to self a throne,
In the heart which I vowed at the Altar,
  Should be given to GOD alone.
And now that Thou comest, seeking
  The fruit of Thy love and grace,
How can I dare to meet Thee,
  Or lift my eyes to Thy Face?
How can I bear the searching
  Of that sorrowful gaze, when I know
The heart that *should* mirror Thine Image
  Hath nothing but self to show,—
Nothing but self to render,—
  For the little grace I *have* used
Is nothing to what I have wasted,
  To what I have even refused.—
With the kiss of Thy Mouth, oh kiss me,
  That the sword at Thy Lips, anew,
The sword of Thy Holy Spirit,
  May pierce me through and through,
Till *self* shall be utterly vanquished,
  Its death-blow struck by grace,
And Thou, O my LORD and Bridegroom,
  Enthroned in Thy rightful place :

Till self, and its hateful power,
  Be wholly and utterly gone,
And Thou, O my LORD and Saviour,
  Shalt lie in my heart, new-born.

"The King of Love My Shepherd is."

O JESU, Shepherd, be my Guide,
That I may never stray;
O JESU, in my heart abide,
To gladden all the way.

Upon that Shoulder let me rest,
Which bore the Cross for me;
And hide me in that loving Breast,
So pierced on Calvary.

Let Thine own Arms around me be,
My shelter and my rest,
When sore beset by enemy
Or weary, or distressed.

Be Thy dear Feet my hiding place,
Where I may lay me low;
To tell Thee, with shame-hidden face,
The sins that grieve Thee so.

Thy Cross my rod and staff shall be,
  Its strength shall strength supply ;
Its grace shall keep and comfort me,
  Its pain shall sanctify.

So bring me safely in Thy love,
  O Jesu, Shepherd mine,
To that dear home of peace above,
  Where all are wholly Thine.

"Lord, what Wouldst Thou Have Me to Do?"

WHAT wouldst Thou have me do, O LORD?
What wouldst Thou have me do?
Thy light hath shone upon my way,
But other lights confuse its ray;
Oh, be that light more clearly poured,
What wouldst *Thou* have me do?

Would that I might for Thee, dear LORD,
Follow the chosen few *
Who, in Thy Name, have braved disease
In ghastly form, o'er Southern seas;
Yielding their life in glad accord
With Thine own summons true.

And yet a life of outward calm,
If Thou but will it so,
May well enfold the harder task,
Which Thou from eager hearts would ask,
To find their martyrdom and palm,
In what they must forego.

* Father Damien and others. Isle of Lepers.

Some souls there are whom suffering brings
Converse with Thee to share;—
The fetter of a life-long pain
Circles the body with its chain,
But seems to lend the spirit wings
Of glad ascent in prayer.

And some, by sorrow, Face to face
With Thine own Presence brought,
Seem ever walking in Thy sight,
Illumined with an inward light,
And manifesting forth the grace
By bright reflection caught.

And some there are whom Thou hast crowned
With gifts most rich and free,
To whom this added grace is lent,
To find in each the instrument
Of service which may more abound
In lowly ministry.

Oh, is it restlessness or pride
That craves for action still?
Or must each loving, longing heart

Be restless, till it find the part
To them assigned and sanctified
By Thy most holy will?

All humbly, LORD, I make my prayer,
Oh speak some word to me
Which I may ponder in my heart
Like Mary, till I learn the part
Which *Thou* wouldst have me do or bear,
Which *I* may offer Thee.

Show me the way which *Thou* wouldst choose,
To keep before my view,
Lest in my eager, strong self-will
I bend my purpose to fulfil
Some quest self-chosen, and refuse
What Thou wouldst have me do.

"He Shall See of the Travail of His Soul and Be Satisfied."

JESUS, Saviour, mighty LORD,
Still from age to age adored,
At whose Feet the angels fall,
Ever crownéd King of all;
Word of GOD, most true, most pure,
Which forever shall endure;
Judge upon the throne of white,
Veiled in unapproachéd light,—
Must Thy wondrous, sacred Name
Suffer touch of *human* blame?
Thou, the Holy and the Strong,
Thou, our GOD, how long, how long,
Shall the scoffing and the scorning
Turn to jest Thy word of warning;
Shall the careless and unheeding
Thrust aside Thine Arms of pleading?

JESUS, Saviour, Lamb of GOD,
Lowly and Incarnate LORD,

Stooping thus, our souls to save,
  Unto cradle and to grave,
Learning, for our sakes, to know
  All the depths of mortal woe,
Scorned, forsaken, and denied,
  Scourged, rejected, crucified ;
By Thy human grief and pain,
  Surely suffered not in vain,
O, all-perfect Sacrifice,
  Let not man Thy Blood despise ;
Son of Man, to Thee we cry,
  Suffer not that they deny
Thee, Who didst their ransom bring,
  Perfected through suffering.

Risen Saviour, Who dost bear
  On Thy Heart our every prayer,
Thou of Light the Fountain art
  And we only see in part ;
But we know that He Who died,
  Shall be surely satisfied
For the travail of His Soul
  When He forms the perfect whole.
Then the LAMB, on earth once slain,
  Angels, worthy, shall proclaim ;

Him, Who wore the thorn-wrought crown,
    Him, Who trod the wine-press down,
When, of all His people, none
    But forsook their Promised One,—
Every knee shall bow before,
    Evermore and evermore.

Jesu, Intercessor!

"Lord teach us how to pray."

O JESU, Thou the Sinless,
Who livest evermore,
To plead for us, the sin-defiled,
Thy Father's throne before;
O JESU, Intercessor,
Thou new and living Way,
By which to that within the veil,
We enter when we pray;
Teach us, the heavy laden,
To lay before Thy Feet
Our every care and burden down,
And plead Thy promise sweet.

O JESU, Friend of sinners,
Be with us when we pray,
To whisper in our hearts the words
That Thou wouldst have us say;
Our lips are all unworthy
To breathe Thy precious Name,

Yet shed Thy blessing on the prayer
  Which brokenly we frame;
And, by Thine own indwelling,
  Uplift us to Thy throne,
That so our every prayer may prove
  The echo of Thine own.

Ingemisco.

"Thy Will be done."

TEACH me, dear LORD, through life till death,
With quickened, or abated breath,
By thinking steadfastly on Thee,
O'ershadowed by Gethsemane,
To say, as it becometh one
Who followeth Thee, "Thy Will be done."
Not that I would not dare complain,
Nor yet because such strife were vain,
And that I know no moan or cry
Can change the Will of GOD on high,
And would not utter my distress
To One Who holds me powerless;
But that I wholly trust His love
Who watcheth o'er me from above.—
Life seems so hard, O GOD, at times to bear,
Yet still I know that Thou its weight wilt share,
And strength sufficient give, from day to day,
Whereby I onward still may tread my way.
Or if I feel I cannot bear my loss,

I will remember *Thou* didst sink beneath Thy
Cross.
When faint from scourge and bitter mockery
Treading the weary way to Calvary,
Thy path was marked by Blood from Brows
thorn-crowned
Which late, for me, were pressed upon the
ground,
Wrestling in such an agony of prayer
As none, but Thou alone, *could* know or bear;
And this was borne for me, my GOD, for me!
By thoughts like these, oh keep me true to Thee.

Ουκ Ψυχη, δε Ζωη.

"Ὁ μισῶν τὴν ψυχὴν αὐτοῦ ἐν τῷ κοσμῷ τουτῳ, εἰς ζωην αἰωνιον φυλαξει αὐτην."
—*St. John 12 : 25.*

O LIFE, what is thy mystery? Thou standest veiled
Beneath an ever-varying play of changeful form;
A beauteous tissue of decay, whose evanescent
Gleams of shifting light halo, yet hide thee still.
And thou, a shrouded thing, art dumb
And unresponsive to our cry, standing within
Creation's temple, mute, like the dim Isis
Of a buried past; before the carven silence
Of whose brow a myriad votaries sank prone,
Uplifting helpless bands of hopeless pain
In the mute pathos of unsolaced woe.
What is thy sceptre, Life, that we should sue
To thee and serve thee with such vassalage
Of pain? What boon is thine, and whence
Thy royalty? Art thou not, rather, but the bride,
The mask of Death? His plaything and his toy?

The gaily-colored mantle wherewithal he
Wraps his grisly form when he would seek
To win us, which, as we clasp it, lōosens,
Leaving us fast-locked in Death's embrace,
A portion for the earth-clod and the worm?
O life of sense and soul, of blood and brain,
Of agony, and striving, and unrest, nor thee,
Nor thine we seek, but that calm deathlessness
Which lies beyond thy gift; whose name alone
Thou bearest, but whose truth thou neither knowest
Nor canst give, to us, who crave to enter
Into *life* in verity; a life whose radiance
Of immortality shines down on thy poor
Taper spark of earth-born life, as steadfast
Stars upon the torch's glare—the struggling
Torch's self-consuming glare, which gasps awhile
Beneath Death's murky pall, then, smouldering,
Falls, extinguished, at his feet.—Not *life* we seek
But immortality; and seek it at Death's portal,
For the Same Who gave, and tasted, life of
Man; Himself Life's Source and Fountain-head,—
The Verity, whose bright similitude
Thou glassest for awhile within thy heart,—

To lose it, swift again, amid the waves
Of thine unrestful surgings ;—He, Himself,
Hath bidden us forsake and scorn thee still,
Aye, hate thee, to the end. And thus, in solemn
Tryst with thy dread bridegroom, Death,
We wait to learn the knowledge of those
Mysteries, which now thy smiling lips withhold
From us, but soon, pallid and blanched beneath
His icy touch, no longer shall refuse us.—
When he, thine all-compelling master, shall
Have laid his hand upon thy brow, chilling
Thy fevered pulse, and silencing the over-eager
Beating of thy heart ; when his hand
Hath stripped away the garments of thy
Beauty, and relaxed thy clinging hold of all
Earth's bauble treasures,—aye, when he
Hath robbed thee of thy *substance*, bidding
Thee yield it to nourish other life than thine,
Then, poor Soul, shalt thou be sanctified,—
By the sharp agony of that last cry, wherein,
Yielding thy spirit up to Him Who gave it,
Thou, at last, shalt lose *thy* life, to find
His Life Who gave thee life ; Who, having
In Himself all plenitude, and needing
Naught, shall make thee all His own ;

Uplift thee to Himself, and setting thee
Within the circle of His own Infinity,
Shall give thee of His fulness, evermore
To know and share.
Oh Life, thy charm
Is fled,—Stretch out thy hands to God
And pray Him, of His mercy, bring thee *Home.*

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
HARLEM LIBRARY
32 West 123d St.
NEW YORK.

Hereafter.

WHAT will it be, my GOD, what will it be?
That first, first step into the world unseen,
That first unveiling of the life to come,
When the eye closes to the scenes of earth,
And the last farewells die upon the ear,
What will the wakening be, in that
Hereafter, on the other side of death,
Where GOD is All in all and earth is nought?
Where former things have wholly passed away
And GOD forevermore is All in all?
When the rent veil lays bare the holy place,
The inner temple of GOD's Sanctuary,
Bringing the soul within His Presence-chamber,
Laying the new-born soul unclothed before
Her Judge,—What will it be, that first
Dread sight, ineffable, of Him, before
The dazzling brightness of Whose Face
Her secret sins are set? Beneath Whose gaze
Of awful purity, her every deed and thought
Recorded lies? And what will be that dread
Twin vision of her secret self, born of the Sight
Of GOD and following hard upon it,

Circling it, as shadow circles light,
When every feature of His holiness
Reveals, in the clear light of truth, self-love
And sin in all their naked hideousness?
Will the recoil of horror and self-loathing
Plunge the soul into a deep abyss
And sunder it from GOD, while penitential
Sorrow spreads a veil of blinding tears between?
Hiding away His glory, till she learn
In ever-deepening pain, the fulness of
Her own unworthiness? Or will that Face of love,
The radiant brightness of those five dread Wounds
Rivet her gaze wholly and utterly,
Leaving her powerless to feel aught else
But their own power to draw her nearer GOD?
Let it be so, my LORD and GOD, for me.
Fix Thou my gaze, dear LORD, on them and Thee,
Although their brightness witnessing
Of Calvary's Cross, acquaint me with its pain,
And that dread handwriting of sin inscribed
Thereon, yet let me but behold
The fulness of Thy love, that I may know

Its power to sanctify, for Thou hast said
That they who suffer may draw nearer Thee,
Making the very sharpness of their pain
To be a sacrament of hope to all
Who pray for pardon at Thy Feet—
Then, O my God, look down, whate'er the pain
May be, I pray Thee, look deep down into
My heart, probing its very depths, and scan
It through and through; take my two hands
in Thine,
And then, having all knowledge of me and
All power, do with me as Thou wilt.—
Work all Thy Will in me; so, through that Will,
I may be found wholly conformed at last,
My God, to Thee.—
Oh blessed pain, whereby
I may attain thereto! Why do I now
Shrink back from the faint foretastes of that
Burning touch, whereby Thy Hand would print
The Cross upon my brow and seal me as Thine
own!

Christmas.

"I believe—in one LORD JESUS CHRIST, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven."

[In the choir of Cologne Cathedral is a series of tapestries illustrating the Creed. One of these, representing the Christ Child as in the act of taking His Cross to descend to earth, suggested the following verses :]

BEHOLD the Christ Child from on high
Comes down to suffer and to die;
Behold, behold, He takes His Cross
To bear the weight of human loss.
A flood of radiant glory pours
From out the everlasting doors
As He, the very Light of light,
Comes down to make our darkness bright.
Oh Christ the Child, the Undefiled,
The pure of heart and holy;
Oh wondrous Birth, when GOD to earth
Came down in guise so lowly!

O Saviour! Who didst not abhor
The manger and the bed of straw,

In our poor hearts we longing pray,
Light of the world be born to-day;
O Christ Child! knocking at the door,
Abide, abide, for evermore
As to Thy temple enter in,
And make and keep us pure from sin.
    Oh Christ the Child, the Undefiled,
        The pure of heart and lowly;
    Oh wondrous Love, which from above
        Came down in guise so lowly!

O Christ Child, come our hearts to bless
Despite our great unworthiness,
Thy holy Cross shall be our guide
To lead us on, whate'er betide.
The raising of Thy piercéd Hand
Shall point us to Thy Father's land,
And Thou, our Comforter and Stay
Shall sanctify us day by day.
    Oh Christ the Child, the Undefiled,
        The pure of heart and holy;
    Grant Thou that we may learn of Thee
        The Wonderful, the Lowly!

The Birth of Jesus.

"Now the Birth of JESUS CHRIST was on this wise."—*St. Matt. 1:18.*

"IN the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea," *
And was cradled with the lowly
In His spotless purity;
'Mid the sin of all the ages,
Sinless stands the wondrous Child
Who was born of Blessèd Mary,
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

From the heart of GOD in heaven,
From the throne exceeding bright,
Of the Infinite Creator
Who hath veiled Himself in light,
Christ, the Saviour, stooping earthward,
For the love He bare His own,
Left the vision of His Father,
And the glory of His throne.

* First two lines from "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by Julia Ward Howe.

He was welcomed at His coming,
  By a holy, happy throng;
By a flood of golden glory,
  And of sweet, celestial song;
Then the farewells of the angels
  Died away upon the air,
But they left the little Christ Child
  In the manger rude and bare.

'Mid the humblest of Judea,
  There was none so poor as He,
Who was laid amid the cattle
  By the Maid of Galilee,
For a manger was the cradle
  Where the LORD of Life drew breath,
And a Cross the cruel pillow
  Where He rested in His Death.

Yes, He came from Heaven's brightness
  To a dreary world of night,
But He gave Himself as freely
  As the sunbeams give their light,
From a home of spotless beauty,
  To a world grown old in sin;
But He came to heal its sorrows
  And He longed to enter in.

Like a ray of golden glory,
  O'er a waste of waters wild,
Was that Birth forever blesséd
  Of the Virgin undefiled.
By the brightness of Thy shining
  O'er the waves of sin and death
Guide us to the heavenly portal,
  JESU! Star of Nazareth.

Baby Jesus.

"Baby JESUS Who didst lie
Underneath earth's darkened sky."
—*Kingsley's "Saints' Tragedy."*

"BABY JESUS, Who didst lie
Underneath Judea's sky,"
Cradled on Thy Mother's breast,
Rocked by Mary to Thy rest,
By the love which laid Thee low,
Helpless in a world of woe,
Holy Child, I pray to Thee,
JESU, Saviour, save Thou me.

Crownless King, low-cradled where
Ox and ass Thy shelter share,—
Wondrous glory hangeth o'er
Bethlehem's manger-bed of straw
And the Wise men bend the knee
Owning Thy Divinity.
Lowly JESUS, teach us how
Humble hearts to bring Thee now.

Little Feet, in after days
Treading life's sharp, thorny ways,
Weary oft, yet not so worn
As the Heart by sinners torn—
Pierced at length and bruised by nails—
JESU, when my courage fails,
At the Feet which bled for me
Let me learn to follow Thee.

Little Hands, that shall fulfil
Through all life Thy Father's Will,
Tender baby Hands, for me
Clasped in helpless infancy,
Motionless outstretched to plead
On the Cross, our bitter need,
Oh dear Hands, reach down to me
Draw me nearer, nearer Thee.

Baby JESUS, throned on high
Far above earth's changeful sky;
Bethlehem's Lily undefiled,
Very GOD and very Child,
Let my heart Thy cradle be,
Thine a dwelling place for me,
Till I reach Thy throne on high,
Who for love of me didst die.

Our Lord in Prayer.

PEACE broods upon the mountain top
And sleeps upon the sea,
And twilight holds communion
With the hills of Galilee,—
No ripple stirs the water,—
No echo wakes the air,—
But Nature's heart is silent
While her LORD is bowed in prayer.
Into the glassy water
The steadfast stars shine down;
The moon, above the mountain,
Hangs like a golden crown.
The sky is all unclouded blue,
Deep mirrored in the lake,—
(GOD grant us still from His dear Face,
Our semblance so to take).
The mountain peaks, like lofty deeds
Mount up to win the skies,
Which still, like GOD's own holiness,
As far above them rise.
Their dizzy summits cannot pierce
That limitless expanse,

Earth's loftiness and lowliness
  Lie level to God's glance.
Meanwhile the golden moon drops down
  To kiss the lake's dark brim,
As God may stoop to succor those
  Who cannot rise to Him.—
Beneath her touch the waters gleam
  With lustre not their own,
Like saints, who flash the glory back
  From God's most holy throne;
All silently the evening mist
  Ascends to heaven above.—
May God so lift us up to Him
  And His great Heart of love.

Good Friday and Easter.

O SAVIOUR of the world, before Thy Cross we fall;
The sunless noontide doth our hearts appal;
Alone, alone in darkness Thou dost hang,
To suffer to the uttermost Thine every pang.
No human watcher can Thy conflict see,
Nor mark the weight his sins have laid on Thee.

The crown of mockery Thou still dost wear,
The print of nails in Hands and Feet dost bear;
While cruel tauntings from the crowd below,
Rise up to mock Thee in Thy bitter woe,
From all that crowd who know not what they do,
Nor how they pierce that heart of mercy through.

But still no answer from that Cross above,
Falls on Thy mockers from those Lips of love;
Thine utter silence, like a mighty cry,
Takes hold upon the throne of GOD on high,
With voiceless lips and outstretched arms to plead
For Heaven's mercy on our guilty need.

O JESU, Who Thy shameful death didst die,
Our every sin with Thee to crucify,
Praying Thy Father they might be forgiven
Who through Thy Hands and Feet the nails had
driven :
Oh save us, lest we knowing what we do,
Should pierce and crucify Thee, Saviour, too.

The glorious light of Easter breaks the gloom ;
The Son of GOD is risen from the tomb ;
Behold Him clothed with strength and grace
to save,
Where is thy sting, O death, thy victory, grave?
Behold the Hands and Feet of Him who died,
The LAMB once slain, forever glorified,
And with the hosts of Heaven fall before
The Face of Him who liveth evermore.

Good Friday Night.

OH weary Son of God, at last, at last,
Thine hour of agony and shame is past;
And white and still, against the darkened sky,
Thy lifeless Body hangs outstretched on high.

The majesty of death is on Thy Brow,
And all Thy taunting foes are voiceless now;
Silence is round Thee, and the trembling air
Holds but the accents of Thy dying prayer.

The dark recesses of the sunless sky
Still vibrate with the anguish of that cry:
That twice repeated "Eloi!" which rang from
out the tree,
Till shuddering hills reëchoed faint, "Lama
Sabbacthani."

But now the Heart which suffered is at rest;
The weary Head sinks low upon the Breast.
Yet one best pledge of love to us is given,
When deep the spear-wound through the side
is driven.

So stands Thy perfect Sacrifice complete;
Thy love hath graven it in Hands and Feet,
And with the precious Blood, from Thy dear
Side,
The Covenant of mercy ratified.

O Christ of the Five Wounds, to Thee I pray,
Imprint Thine Image on my soul to-day,
Thine own prophetic word fulfil to me,
And draw my whole soul upward unto Thee.

Ascension Day.

THOU art gone up on high—
Yet so to draw us nigh;
Thou art gone up on high;
Yet not to thrust Thy children far away,
But to lift our hearts, by a golden ray,
To the upward path and open way,
Through the pearly gates to the realms of day
Where cometh the night of darkness never,
But the glory of God shineth ever and ever.

The City of God stands fair,
In light beyond compare;
The City of God stands fair,
And its glory draweth our hearts to Him,
Before Whose throne the seraphim
Veil their faces and raise the hymn
Of Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Forever and ever by all adored.

And the heart must utter its cry
To follow Thee more nigh—
The heart that loves must utter its cry

To follow Thee, though it be by a Cross,
Though it be by the ladder of earthly loss,
Though it be by esteeming all things but dross,
The heart that loves must seek Love's Source,—
And seeking, shall find its goal and rest
In the fathomless love of Thy wounded Breast.

Come unto Me—And I will Give You Rest.

COME unto Me, saith Christ the LORD,
To all by sin oppressed—
Come unto Me, Who died for thee,
And I will give thee rest.
Be not afraid, saith Christ the LORD,
To bring Me all thy grief,
The keenest smart shall be my part,
And thine the sweet relief.

Come unto Me, O weary one,
For I can give thee peace,
And wash thy stain, and still thy pain,
And bid thy sorrows cease.
Thou canst not measure all My love,
Nor all its fulness know,
Yet trust in Me Who died for thee
Because I loved thee so.

None else hath aught to offer thee,
Poor, doubting, sin-tossed soul,

Then find a rest upon My Breast,
  For I can make thee whole.
None other bore such pain for thee,
  Nor sought thee in thy sin,
But I laid down My golden crown
  And died thy life to win.

At the Eucharist.

I HAVE met Him and been kissed
At His wondrous Eucharist;
I have looked up in His Face,
And have seen the passing grace
Of the Christ upon His holy Altar shown.
Oh, it was no fancied power
Which so wrought in me that hour,
For my spirit had no wing
To uplift itself and cling
To the threshold of the glory of His Throne:
And His Voice was all too sweet,
As I knelt before His Feet,
To mistake it for an echo of my own:
I could only lie quite still
While He bound me at His Will
With a power, oh, so holy and so blest:
For I never should have known,
If His mercy had not shown
What the beauty was He had to manifest.

526447 A

Can I go forth from the power
Of the Vision of that hour,
With no bright reflection caught
From the Presence which I sought,
  With no glory in my bosom shining still?
Is there darkness in the breast
Where the Holy Child doth rest,
Or within my heart no throne
Which the Christ may make His own,
  While I joy to do the bidding of His Will?
In the living sanctuary
Where the Holy One doth tarry,
  In the temple which His Presence deigns to fill,
Has the light so quickly fled
And the darkness come instead?
  Are the joy, the calm, the peace, so quickly o'er?
Has the Bridegroom come and gone
In the early, early morn,
  And left me just as lonely as before?

Before Receiving the Blessed Sacrament.

(An act of Dedication.)

BEND down, O Ever Blesséd, from Thy burning throne above,
Bend down, bend down, to hear me, for the fulness of Thy love,
In its wondrous, awful nearness, seems more than I can bear
And I pour my heart out to Thee in intensity of prayer.

Oh, if in very, very deed, Thy love can stoop to me,
Add yet this last, best pledge of love, and make me meet for Thee,
O JESU, bend in mercy down and grant me all my prayer,
Or else Thy very love will prove a pain I cannot bear.

It fills me with a sense of shame I never knew before,

Which deepens as Thou drawest near and
wounds me more and more,
Until I almost feel afraid so close to Thee to
press ;
Thy Presence making manifest my own unwor-
thiness.

Oh, wrap Thine arms around my soul and give
me grace to rise,
And ever to press bravely on to where my treas-
ure lies—
My treasure, hidden in Thy Heart, my life in
Thee above,
Stoop low and lift me up to Thee by Thy con-
straining love.

Oh give me love to know Thy love, and love to
love Thee more,
Who art my One sufficing Love, henceforth
forevermore ;
Nor let me fail to win the gift because the heart
I bring
Is all too poor a casket, LORD, to hold so great
a Thing.

Bring me to dwell forever in the Vision of Thy light,
The beatific glory of GOD, the Infinite,
Forever and forever, where the dwelling of the bride,
Is the Sacred Heart of JESUS, and the Bridegroom's piercéd Side.

"We also Have an Altar."

O PRECIOUS Body of our God,
O Blood which Thou dost offer,
Be this Thy Sacrament, O Christ,
Beyond the breath of scoffer!

O Lamb of God, the Sacrifice,
Upon the Cross once bleeding,
And now, before the Father's throne
Forever interceding,

Be Thou our Priest, O risen Lord,
To consecrate our Altar,
To draw us closer up to God
When our faint hearts would falter.

Be Thou the Minister, O Christ,
Thyself to give unto us;
To feed us with the Bread of Life,
To breathe Thy Spirit through us.

With sinful hearts we come to Thee
And pray Thou wouldst renew us,

And with Thy Soul, Thy Strength, Thy Life,
More deeply wouldst imbue us.

O wondrous, patient Saviour Christ,
We taste Thy Body broken,
Of Thine unwearied, ceaseless love,
To us the seal and token.

O precious Hands, which once were pierced
For us in Crucifixion,
And wide outstretched in dying love
Were raised in Benediction,

We know Thee nigh, O blessed LORD,
And humbly fall before Thee,
And from our very inmost hearts
Would worship and adore Thee.

O grant us then that Face to see,
Which once was marred and gory,
Enthroned in highest heaven above,
Ineffable in glory.

Hymn for Holy Communion.

"Oh God, Who in the wonderful Sacrament of the Altar hast left us a memorial of Thy Passion."

O DEAREST Lord and Saviour,
We fall before Thy feet
O'ershadowed by the glory
Of Thine own Presence sweet.

We kneel before Thine Altar,
Whose lights burn clear and bright,
Betokening Thee, O Saviour,
Thou very Light of light.

We hear Thy words of comfort—
Thy blessed words of peace—
And pray Thee of Thy mercy
Our faith and love increase.

We pour our heart's sin-burden
Upon Thy loving Ear,
And then, in grace and power,
We feel that Thou art near.

We gaze upon the Chalice
  And Bread, uplifted high,
And bless Thee, holiest Saviour,
  That Thou art come so nigh

To comfort and to pardon,
  To cleanse us and to heal,
And in our guilty weakness
  Thy gracious strength reveal.

We are not meet, O Saviour,
  To take this Broken Bread,
But plead Thy gracious bidding
  By Whom our souls are fed.

Wilt Thou not freely pardon,
  And lift us up to Thee,
Who yet dost bear in Heaven
  The love of Calvary?

O great High Priest eternal,
  Before Thy Father's throne
Plead, plead for us, the Blood-bought,
  Sin-stained, but still Thy own.

So, by Thy Hand upholden,
  Lest flesh and spirit fail,
We shall have strength to enter,
  Through Thee, within the veil.

Through Thee, through Thee, we enter,
  O wondrous, living Way;
With Thee, at God's high Altar,
  To minister to-day.

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL
HARLEM LIBRARY,
32 West 123d St.
NEW YORK.

D.C.

JAN 31 1944